A Fire Rekindled

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by APastandFutureNerd

Summary

Hannibal and Will have filed for divorce after Will discovered he has cheated on him. But Will decides he can't live without Hannibal despite what he has done and comes to his home in the middle of the night.

Notes

This is for bravewhenfearful who started a divorce and reconciliation thread with me on Twitter :)

Sorry for deleting my multi-chapter fics but at the moment I feel like I only manage to write short one-shots and drabbles.Hope you enjoy this short ficlet nonetheless.

I know the divorce trope is not very popular and I hate it too but I had this stupid divorce/break up thing in my head and it needed to go.

Some weeks had passed by after the mutual decision to part ways and file for divorce following Hannibal's unforgivable faux-pas. One evening Will had caught him in bed with Bedelia and ultimately discovered they had an affair going on while he was busy chasing killers for Jack Crawford. Will never had much time to satisfy the needs of his husband and always fell into bed, exhausted and tired without paying attention to him. Even though Hannibal had always been understanding, the growing dissatisfaction and distance had led to Hannibal seeking for another way to get his physical desires assuaged.

The sky seemed to have been a silent attentive spectator of the sad developments in the failing relationship between Will and Hannibal that had once had been so ardent. All the anguish and pain accumulated was now being released from the massive clouds in the sky as if a celestial being had ordered it. The heavy, aggressive rain poured down without mercy, leaving large puddles of water on the cobblestone street.

It was almost midnight and Hannibal was unable to find some peaceful sleep again in his large bed since that dreadful day before at Will's new home when, mostly at Will's urging, the papers were finally signed in stoic and hurting silence. Hannibal sighed at the disastrous end of their marriage. Will had refused to talk with him more than necessary ever since the discovery of his betrayal though it might have prevented a falling out and it haunted him like a ghost.

Hannibal was watching the rain crackle against the large glass windows with his weary, sleep-deprived eyes. He was single again and had ended the affair with Bedelia after the confrontation. and the unusual loneliness permeated his heart. The guilt tainted him like an oil slick. His thoughts strayed back to the good days they had spent together conjoint in marriage over and over again. He was also contemplating the meaning of regret he had never felt so thoroughly before when he jolted upright in his bed. Someone knocked at his door with desperate vehemence. Hannibal's heart made a leap as he suspected who it might possibly be but Hannibal was also prepared for an unwelcome visitor, another killer perhaps. Or Jack Crawford. The special agent did not know limits when it came to asking for help on a murder case. When he slowly opened the door with a knife hidden behind his back, he found himself standing there as if he had been turned into stone. Time was standing still.

His ex-husband was standing in front of him, drenched to the bone and trembling. His soaked mahogany curls lay flat on his head. Will whispered "I've been missing you so much. I'm so sorry", as he looked Hannibal in his eyes with sheer desperation and vulnerability. Dark bags under his red, tear-stained eyes clearly revealed Will had not slept well either. Silent tears mingled with the rain on his pale, a little puffed, almost translucent face as he lingered at the threshold of his mansion. Will had wrapped his arms around his body to comfort and protect himself from the merciless drops of the icy rain. He did not wear a coat. Only a flannel shirt and jeans. A spontaneous and impulsive decision made in desperation, Hannibal analyzed, his mind numb with worry and pain. His heart burned and hurt at the dreadful sight of Will freezing. Will's lips were already turning blue. The first signs of hypothermia. A cloud of cold, white vapor rose up in the air as Will exhaled his breath into the cold winter's night.

When the first shock had passed, Hannibal opened his arms and pulled Will into a tight embrace. His kitchen knife fell down to the floor and he quickly kicked it away with his feet.

Will fell into his arms, his legs too wobbly to stand on. He continued sobbing into Hannibal's shoulder and Hannibal nuzzled in his curls. He noses revealed in the unique flavor of his husband. "I missed you, too, Will. I'm sorry for everything. For the pain, I have caused you." Hannibal answered in a soft, raspy equally unstable voice. Will lifted his face to look at Hannibal with his azure, watery eyes. "I still love you. I don't want this." Will admitted in his shaky voice. "Don't want to be separated from you."Hannibal cupped his face into his hands and gave him a long kiss, rendering Will silent, inadvertently choking the air out of him as he squeezed his wet, soaked body against his own and his lips met with his. Moans escaped their mouths as their lips parted reluctantly to catch their breaths again.

"Come in,darling", Hannibal whispered in a hoarse voice, holding Will against his warm body with his arms although his pyjama got drenched,too. He did not care. All he wanted was to hold Will in his arms again. His eyes were glistening with tears, too.These were not only tears of sadness but also tears of joy at the reunion.The separation had nearly killed them. It had almost killed them both, judging by the sallow and gaunt face of his beloved Will when his fingers brushed away the salty tears from the corners of his eyes.

The flame of their love nearly smothered had been rekindled in this night. Hannibal and Will pressed their bodies together in pure, unbridled lust, tearing off their clothes right at the spot where they were still dawdling - in the anteroom of the mansion, with the door wide open, rain pouring in. In the heat of the moment, they could not make it to the bedroom as the fiery fire of love seized them. The sex was cathartic in every way. They discharged their yearning, their rage, their longing while they kissed and fucked each other against the wall and on the floor of the corridor.

When they finally let go of each other and Hannibal made sure Will was warm and dry, he swore to Will, kneeling before him on the floor he would never commit such a sin ever again as he put back the golden wedding band back on Will's finger and kissed it solemnly. In return Will promised to Hannibal he would make more time for him by looking for a new job as a mechanic in a car repair shop with a healthier work-life balance.

Outside the rain started to diminish as if the celestial guardian in heaven was now appeased with seeing two souls who belonged to each other reunited once more.

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